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RECOMPENSE

You are growing old, my lithe and gay,
But age with you is different and rare;
Gray—yes, but like the mist that veils an autumn moon
Stretched across the black trees' gaunt array.
Your light, now opalescent and more gently bright,
Makes beautiful the wintry night.
Why do you long for the bronze hue of youth,
Or the noisiness of its display?
Let us be comforted in this sweet quietness where
There is nothing loved before
But that our having loved so long can make more fair.

THE SWEET LADY

She is so gay—
Such easy sweetness falls away
From her! Her words are simple as a little wind
That sings all day.
Such lazy kindness she spreads about,
As thoughtless as her hands that twine
And turn their pink palms in and out.
Such loving weariness has she
Of giving sweetness forth unthinkingly,
That she is almost sad—still smiling sad,
Tired with her all-unknowing ministry.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson